


WITH A CHINA CHAMBERPOT  
TO THE  
COUNTESS OF HILLSBOROUGH.

  
**T**oo proud, too delicate to tell her wants  
 Her lover guesses them, and gladly grants;  
 The wish that he still trembles to explain  
 She long has known but bids him wish in vain.  
 With tears incessant he laments his case  
 And can have small occasion for this vase.  
 Go then beneath her bed or toilet stand  
 But chiefly after tea be near at hand,  
 Sure of her notice then, then take your fill,  
 Nor fear one drop her tidy hand should spill,  
 Though Cyder or Champagne supply the source,  
 And laughter hurry forth the rapid course.  
 Who talks of the Pierian spring or stream?  
 But stop dear Muse, lest on th' enchanting theme  
 My warm imagination should proceed  
 To what you must not write, she must not read.

Kingsgate 1764.



TO WILLIAM DICKSON  
ESQ. AT ABBOTSBURY IN DORSETSHIRE  
FROM  
ANNE VISCOUNTESS BARRINGTON,

*Written August. 1762.*



GRIEF at your absence fits upon my soul  
Like night enveloping the arctick pole,  
Nor Greenland fishermen e'er long'd to see  
The sun's return, more than I wish for Thee.  
To dress for drums, when you're not there's a farce,  
Where'er I go, 'tis with a heavy Arse.  
That Arse, dear Dickson, should thy thoughts employ,  
Which sighs whole nights because you are so coy.  
Well I remember when my little Man  
Made the wench burn it with a warmingpan,  
O! wicked wretch! how he that act should rue  
Could I but make a warmingpan of you!



It is no crime to have an ample Bum,  
Come to it then, my lovely Dickson, come.  
Or if a stately Prefence charm thee more,  
Like those behind, I have two globes before.  
Horses you love, and ride them debonnair  
On seacoasts or in Parks to take the air.  
Is there or Horse or Mare, if shape avail,  
With higher forehead, or a finer tail?  
Sometimes, I hear a fishing you go out.  
O! to be tickled would I were a Trout,  
I do believe my Husband sneaking Elf!  
Would have a Wife no bigger than tumself.  
Let him go lisp in Fitzroy's bony arms,  
Where is my dignity? my nobler charms?  
In rocks and shallows let the Coxcomb sport,  
I'm the vast Ocean, mine's a safer port.  
But lest my Dickson too humane should grieve  
His dear Companions of the school to leave,  
Let not that thought one moment cause delay,  
Bring them, O! bring them with thee all away.  
Collegers, Dunces, Wits thy faithful Nan



Affistans too , shall blefs them every Man.  
Her ample love shall find for all a space  
Encouraged , Dickson by thy dear embrace.

*Answer by Mr. DICKSON to Mr. C. Fox.*

Pray tell the Author if a touch of  
That Arse he fondly talks so much of  
Such various delight imparteth  
To every Man who tender heart hath ,  
Tell him from me he has permission  
To feed so exquisite a dish on ;  
Tell him my friend pray tell him more ,  
If still with warmingpan 'tis fore ,  
Bid bim believe it true and fure is  
A Kifs from him the only cure is.





